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Our Entire Stock of Men's Fancy Mixed Winter Suits At Greatly Reduced Prices.

A splendid opportunity for you to provide an extra winter suit at small expense. Choice of all the different winter models in all the various fancy mixed fabrics in stock at these reduced prices:

\$38, \$40 & \$45 Fancy Suits, now	\$31.75
\$32.50 and \$35 Fancy Suits, now	\$24.75
\$25, \$28 & \$30 Fancy Suits, now	\$20.75
\$20 and \$22.50 Fancy Suits, now	\$15.75
\$15 and \$18.00 Fancy Suits, now	\$10.75
\$10 and \$12.50 Fancy Suits, now	\$8.75

All Fancy Mixed Winter-Weight Trousers Reduced

The entire stock of Fancy Mixed Winter-Weight Trousers—Cheviots, Cassimeres, and Worsteds—at these reduced prices:

\$2.40 Trousers for	\$1.95
\$3.40 Trousers for	\$2.35
\$5.00 Trousers for	\$3.95
\$6.00 Trousers for	\$4.45
\$7.50 Trousers for	\$5.45
\$9.00 Trousers for	\$5.95
\$10.00 Trousers for	\$6.95

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Women's and Misses' Tailored Suits,

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Separate Skirts and Millinery

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Four hundred Full-length Coats, of broadcloth and finest Scotch homespun and tweeds. **\$10.00**
Worth up to \$25.00

Our Finest Suits, two-piece and three-piece, worth up to \$85, are reduced to **\$39.75**

Two hundred and fifty Smart Tailored Suits, wide-wale serge and broadcloth, misses' and women's sizes, worth up to \$40, reduced to **\$18.00**

Two hundred Dresses—broadcloth, wide-wale, chiffon, silk and lingerie—street and evening styles, worth up to \$40 **\$15.00**

Coat Department.

\$30—\$40 Street Coats now	\$19.50
\$30—\$40 Seal Plush Coats now	\$19.50
\$40—\$60 Fur-lined Coats now	\$25.00
\$25—\$30 Fur-lined Coats now	\$12.50
\$15—\$22 Evening Capes now	\$10.00
\$25—\$28 Evening Capes now	\$15.00
\$30—\$40 Evening Capes now	\$19.50
\$12—\$15 Raincoats (cravenette) now	\$7.50
\$18—\$25 Raincoats (rubberized satin) now	\$11.50

Fur Department.

\$65—\$80 Pony Skin Coats now	\$45.00
\$75—\$90 Caracul Fur Coats now	\$45.00
\$85—\$95 French Seal Coats now	\$50.00
\$25—\$30 Large Black Fox Muffs now	\$15.00
\$25—\$30 Large Black Fox Shawls now	\$15.00
\$14—\$16 Large Black Wolf Muffs now	\$10.00
\$14—\$16 Large Black Wolf Shawls now	\$10.00
\$15—\$18 Large Black Hare Sets now	\$11.25
\$20—\$22 Large White Hare Sets now	\$12.50

How Old Are You?

From the Philadelphia Press.
That sounds like a ridiculous question, but when you come to consider it closely it isn't. There is many a youthful fellow of twenty-five who realizes Dickens' description of the "damaged young man"; while we all know the type of florid-faced, elderly and well-preserved "old boy" who never ages or

sages. Both of these are not the kind we want in the house. They are lovable, however, and their lives convey a lesson. The rapid pace of the one we deplore; at the fertility of the other's life we have only to shake our head.
Take, now, the other sex. Women know how to do these things. The purpose of women to sustain the affection of the one man she cares for will

condescend to a species of trickery. That has been proven over and over. Suppose we ask the readers of this article right now the question which entitles it: "How old are you?" How many women would respond with truthful figures? And why shouldn't they? What is wrong about getting old? Should one be afraid of acquiring wisdom and the experience of life?

MOY JOE'S FUNERAL

Curious Mixture of Christian and Pagan Customs.

CHINESE STAND ALOOF

Sweetmeats, Tea and Rice Wine Sent to the Grave.

AN OLD FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

Hymns Sung by Teachers From the First Baptist Church—Dr. Mc-Masters Reads Service.

Moy Joe, who was born in Canton, China, about forty years ago, was buried in Congressional cemetery yesterday, with half the circumference of the world between him and the men and women who knew him before he came to America. It is not often that a Chinaman dies and is buried here in Washington, and the people who pushed their way into the chapel of the undertaking firm at 325 Pennsylvania avenue yesterday afternoon were mainly of the curiosity-seeking sort. There were many women, a very few Chinamen, and a scattering of the men that you can find around the city doing nothing at all but looking for a chance to pass the time away pleasantly.

There was not the air of a funeral. There was a buzz of conversation, and occasionally one of the Chinamen would get up and walk up or down the aisle. Moy Joe lay in a coffin of American make. There was nothing Chinese or oriental about it, with the single exception of a certain bunch of white roses. A shrinking, tiny Chinaman, hatless and embarrassed, pattered quickly up the middle aisle of the chapel just before a quartet from the First Baptist Church began to sing. The little Chinaman had a bunch of white roses in his hand, and attached to them was a rough bit of paper daubed with odd-looking Chinese characters. The man shyly placed them on the coffin, and then, taking a hasty look at the face of Moy Joe, glanced around with a scared face and actually ran away from the place. A moment later he was in the midst of the crowd of a Chinese merchant near the chapel. He was Moy Joe's best friend.

Mixtures of Christian and Pagan.

It was an odd funeral service. A more curious mixture of Christian and pagan things is rarely seen, and yet to a person not seeking for the odd things it seemed perhaps like a very poor, dull affair. This burial of an unknown Chinaman. First there were Sunday school teachers from the First Baptist Church who have worked many years among the Chinese men and boys of the quarter here. And Moy Joe's own teacher was there, with a wreath of roses to lay upon the coffin, and later to be placed upon the grave.

A quartet of these teachers sang some of the hymns of the church before Rev. Dr. Mc-Masters appeared. While they were singing, the unbelieving Chinamen from the tea stores and merchandise companies along the block ran in and out, whispering to one another and paying no attention at all, as far as outward appearance go, the body of Moy Joe.

The minister came, took in hand, and started the set form of the burial service. He had known Moy Joe, for the man had fluttered back and forth, hesitating between his own gods and Dr. Mc-Masters' (died for many months before he finally decided to shave off his queue and become Christian. So he could speak about Moy Joe with some feeling—and he did.

Old Chinamen Amused.

Then three boys—Moy's own countrymen—sang a hymn. A gray queued Chinaman, leaning against the back of the chapel, laughed and said something aloud to another old Chinaman half way up the aisle, who turned and grinned. They took no interest—they were Moy Joe's friends, and had known him in Canton—but Moy Joe had turned Christian and had broken away from everything that had held him a friend to them. And then Yee Li, a very small China boy, stood up and read something from a book. He, too, spoke his own tongue. He stood very near the open coffin, and now and again looked into it. The half dozen Chinamen from the Sunday school, who had come with American clothes, paid strict attention to him. The other men, those who have not yet broken away from the religion of their fathers, listened to him with apparent unconcern. A young man standing up near the back of the chapel asked a gray old Chinaman what the boy read: "Him crazy," said the old man. "What is he reading," asked the young man of another Chinaman. For answer he got a shrug.

She Knew.

A woman who had been shifting noisily about, craning her neck to see what was going on, said she knew what the boy was reading: "He's reciting a Buddhist prayer," she volunteered in a loud whisper. "Ain't it a shame?" replied a companion who had just dropped in out of sheer curiosity. "Sly things," murmured the other one. "The Buddhist prayer," that Yee Li was reading slowly and with all the feeling at his command was the Twenty-third Psalm.

Six Chinamen carried the coffin from the chapel to the street. On the sidewalk another curious crowd stood. Some of Moy Joe's native friends crowded into the three carriages provided, and the little procession started toward the cemetery.

An Old Friend's Tribute.

As the drivers clucked to their horses one of the gray-queued Chinamen who had known Moy Joe before he had become a Christian ran out to the curb with a bundle in his arms. The hearse stopped. The old man who had smiled at the Christian prayer had paid no attention to the service or the flowers handed up to the driver a basket in which were tea and rice, a bottle of Canton rice wine of a kind that is scarcely ever seen in America, and sweetmeats.

This was the old man's tribute. It was like the things they had put on the grave of Moy Joe's father and his mother and their parents and grandparents in China for countless generations back. The old man did not understand the flowers—nor the Twenty-third Psalm—but he knew the ways of his kind, and when they put those few sweetmeats of his on the grave it expressed exactly as much as it does when some one else puts thousands of American Beauties at the door of some tomb.

TERM EXPIRES SATURDAY.

Rear Admiral Cowles to Retire From Equipment Bureau.

The term of Rear Admiral William S. Cowles, United States Navy, retired, as chief of the naval bureau of equipment, will expire next Saturday and it will be necessary to appoint his successor. Admiral Cowles was appointed chief of the bureau in January, 1906, and has been continued in office to date despite his retirement for age. August, 1908. Under the law he may not be reappointed and a successor must be chosen from the officers on the active list. Admiral Cowles is a brother-in-law of ex-President Roosevelt. Secretary Meyer has recommended the abolition of the bureau of equipment as part of his general reorganization scheme, but it is not likely that the necessary legislation will be enacted for some time to come, if it is ever done.

SILK HOSE,

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Values,
Reduced to 69 Cents.

The Hosiery Department's big feature will be the sale of Women's PURE SILK HOSE, in black, white, pink and blue; some have very slight imperfections, but nothing that will affect the wear in the least; the values are positively \$1.25 and \$1.50. Sale price for the Clean Sweep Clearance only..... **69c**

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In the Great Clean Sweep Clearance.

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Women's Suits in many new and up-to-date designs, all of them the regular \$25 values. These suits are all man-made; navy blue, gray, brown, heliotrope, reseda, raisin, etc. A great Clean Sweep special **\$15.00** at - - - - -

Every Suit in the store that has been selling regularly at \$39.50—and there's a big variety of styles, kinds and materials—for the Clean Sweep Sale going at **\$19.75**

All the \$50 to \$75 Suits in the store—none reserved or excepted—and as high-grade and handsome a showing as you'd see anywhere—every one of these fine suits going at - **\$29.50**



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Carpets,
9x14 feet to 18x21 feet,
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Persian Palace
Masterpiece.
Persian Silk Palace Carpet, 20x40 feet. On exhibition and sale.
Price, \$25,000

10 Kirmanshahs,
9x12 feet to 20x30 feet,
\$290 to \$5,000

1 Bale Kurdistans,
Value, \$32.50.
Sale price..... **\$22.50**

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Value, \$37.50.
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Value, \$62.50.
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Kirmanshahs, Saruks, Tabriz, Khorassan, Kurdistan, Gorovan, Bakshaish, Mushkabad, Mahal, Bokhara.

Values Never Before Attempted—Every Rug Carries the Moses Unqualified Guarantee.

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TROPHIES BY THOUSANDS

ROOSEVELT REPORTS PROGRESS TO SMITHSONIAN.

African Expedition Secures Over 8,000 Vertebrate Specimens Up to December 15.

Former President Roosevelt in a letter dated at Nairobi, British East Africa, December 15, and which was received at the Smithsonian Institution today, informed Secretary Walcott that the Smithsonian expedition under his direction up to date had collected 8,453 specimens of vertebrates, a large number of mollusks and other invertebrates, several thousand plants, about 2,000 photographs and a variety of other specimens, including anthropological materials.

Expedition under my charge has now finished its work in British East Africa and is about to leave for Uganda. The collections made in British East Africa include:
"Mammals, large, in salt, 550.
"Mammals, small, in salt, 3,379.
"Birds, 2,784.
"Reptiles and batrachians, about 1,500.
"Fresh-water and marine fish, about 250."
Up to the present date only a little over a quarter of the collections enumerated in Col. Roosevelt's letter have reached the Smithsonian Institution. In addition to the mammals mentioned by him there have, however, already been received perhaps 150 skulls of large mammals which are not associated with skins, these being picked up in the field for the study of the variations in individual specimens.

The information recently received of the killing by Col. Roosevelt of two specimens of the white rhinoceros, an adult female and calf, is gratifying to the officials. These will be of particular value to the museum, which has no representatives of this species in its collection.

stroyed the Hollingsworth, a seven-story apartment house at 4313 and 4315 Walnut street, yesterday afternoon. There were in the building at the time perhaps thirty men, women, and children. Some few escaped by means of the elevator and front stairs, some leaped from windows, some fled down a walled fire escape in the rear.
Three died. One woman was a helpless paralytic, whose nurse was forced to abandon her charge. Another woman became confused, and was burned to death. Both these bodies were buried under the mortar, bricks and timbers. A third woman, rescued, died of heart failure a few steps from the fire trap.
Many persons, occupants, rescuers and firemen, were injured.
The loss is \$150,000.

Mine House Dynamited.

HURLEY, Wis., January 18.—The dry house at No. 1 shaft of the Windsor mine, operated by the Odanah Iron Company, one mile west of Hurley, was dynamited early yesterday and O. Davis was killed, Henry Grover, mine boss, and Capt. Camello seriously injured and four Polish miners were more or less seriously hurt.

THREE DEATHS FROM FIRE.

Apartment House in Philadelphia Destroyed Yesterday.
PHILADELPHIA, January 18.—Fire de-